

The Zealous Lover.

He strives for to illustrate her Perfection
 who now hath brought him under Loves subjection,
 No task so hard he will undergoe
 if that she will but Love unto him show
 What ever can be had, shall be her own
 if she will yield to fancy him alone.

To the Tune of, *Underneath the Green wood Tree, &c.*



Come pretty Love let me prepare,
 my zealous affection to declare,
 And set forth thy admired parts,
 which captivates so many hearts,
 Thou art the Pleinir of our days,
 and all so, beauty bear the praise.
 Then I rethee fairest fancy me,
 and let me not languish in misery.

Thy pretty rolling sparkling eyes
 of my poor heart hath made a prize,
 Thy Cheere & dimpled Cheek
 a vision from all hearts do win:
 Thy hair like Amber doth appear
 of treasures of Gold which shine so clear,
 Then prethee dearest, &c.

Each smile that doth proceed from thee,
 debars me of my liberty,
 Since every word that thou canst say
 might lead a thousand hearts astray.
 Thy beauty in each part doth shine
 where all the Graces do combine,
 Then pretty fairest, &c.

When first I did thy face admire,
 my senses all were set on fire:
 My heart with Love was soe inflam'd,
 when as I heard thee once but nam'd,
 No happiness on Earth could be
 like to enjoy a kiss from thee,
 Then prethee, &c.



Wle Crown thy joyes with hearts content,
if thou to love me wilt consent
And all delights that ere can be,
shall dayly wait and tend on thee.
Thou shalt have pleasures at command,
and servants ready at thy hand:
Then prethee fairest fancy me
and let me not languish in misery.

No Lady that in Court doth dwell,
in rich attire shall thee excel
For Silks & Satins fine and brave
and costly jewels thou shalt have;
All sorts of Musick thou shalt hear
Sweet pleasures harmony to the ear
Then prethee fairest fancy &c.

All in a pleasant shady Grove,
we'l walk to recreate my Love,
And sit down by a Chrystal Spring
whilst pretty birds do chirp and sing,
With hand in hand we'l passe the time
in Summer when flowers are in the prime.
Then prethee, &c.

I'l range throught out the world so wide
for Pearls of price to please my Bride
And what new fashions may be had
we bring thee home to make thee glad,
Thou shalt be like the Indian Queen
so rich and costly to be seen.
Then,

Why should thy Maiden head do thee wrong
by keeping of the same too long
Since that by marriage thou wilt be
compleat and live most happily.
Who dies a maid (tis spoke right well)
must ever expect to lead Apes in Hell,
Then, &c.

If little Cupid bend his Bow,
it will be in vain to resist you know
The god of Love will angry be
if you despise his Deity:
It were far better for to yeld
and sport your time in Venus field.
Then &c.

There is no joyes in single life
compared to a married wife,
Where pleasures all compleated are
beyond your expectation far:
What heart can wish may there be had
to make a loving couple glad.
Then prethee, &c.

Therefore my dear be not afraid
to change the title of a maid
But let me hear your answer kind
to satisfie your longing mind
With open arms it's thee embrace,
when we encounter face to face
Then prethee fairest fancy me
and let me not languish in misery.